



SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1903

## REAL HUMAN TANK.

Can Drink a Big Pail of Beer at One Draught Without Showing the Least Effect.

A committee of English brewers recently visited America to study the methods of the large breweries in New York.

While looking over the Ruppert brewery the conversation turned on the privilege accorded to employees to indulge in the malted beverage. To the Englishmen's great surprise they learned that there was no restriction placed upon the men.

"But are you not afraid that their over-indulgence might interfere with



"OH, DOT WAS EASY."

their work?" Col. Jacob Ruppert, the host, was asked.

"Oh, not at all. No amount of beer that they drink can affect our men," replied the colonel. "Why, we have a foreman who can drink a pail of beer at one draught without showing the least effect."

This statement, says the New York Times, called forth such an expression of doubt that the foreman was summoned.

"Fritz," said the colonel, "these gentlemen seem to doubt that you can drink a pail of beer without stopping. Now, I want you to fill one of your big pails, bring it in here, and prove what I have said."

This was done, and, without turning a hair, the German assimilated the contents of the pail.

"My word!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen. "How did you manage that?"

"Oh, dot was easy," said the fat Tenson, with a proud smile. "To make sure dot I don't make no mistake I first fill de bail and drink it outside to try it once. Den I fill it again and drink it in here."

## BRASS WEDDING RING.

It Was Purchased by an Insane Man Who Expected to Marry Alice Roosevelt.

Ferdinand Kenzel, a laboring man residing at Delafield, Wis., was recently examined as to his sanity and committed to the hospital. He has been laboring under a delusion that he has been promised the hand of Alice Roosevelt as soon as the president should die. He has made plans for a wedding. There were several unusual features about the case. He had bought a ring at a toy store, which he declared was given him by the president in behalf of his daughter. This ring was one



## BOUGHT TOY STORE RING.

which retails for about ten cents, and has a green glass setting. At his home he has another ring, brass, 18 carats fine, with which he was to make Miss Roosevelt his bride. Then he had also purchased some linen table cloths of turkey red, napkins of bandana blue, and other similar home furnishings. He said they would have to start cheap, but maybe Teddy would give him some white stuff later on. He is well educated, and speaks five languages fluently.

## Sensitive.

Cholly—Why, Mabel, I haven't seen you in an age.

Mabel—You horrid thing! How dare you talk of age to me?—Chicago American.

## Able to Afford.

Van Grab—I hear you are going to retire from business!

Mr. Largefamily—Yes—my last daughter was married off yesterday.—Brooklyn Life.

## A Victim of Opulence.

Marnaduke—Did your physician give you a diagnosis of your disease?

Mallory—Yes; he said I had a bad case of free living and no thinking.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Tale of Tenderfoot Canyon

"YOU all is askin' me why the name of this yere gulch is Tenderfoot Canyon? Well, I'll tell it to you straight, for it's a yarn I never gets tired of relatin'."

"It's nigh ten year ago now when the tenderfoot come into camp on the stage. He was sure enough eastern. Tenderfoots wasn't as common in them days as they is now, and nat'rally they drawed attention. There's more tenderfoots here to-day than there is of we-all, but then it was different. This tenderfoot called hisself Thomas Wright, and we finds out later that he give hisself the right brand."

"Wright was jest out of a school of mines out Massachussets way, and he came out here prospectin'. We-all was there when the stage come in, and we was onto the tenderfoot hard. The first thing he done was to streak it for the Bull Pup saloon, and when we seen that we thought he was good stuff for a tenderfoot. We follows on kind of curiousty and gets into the Bull Pup just in time to hear the tenderfoot order Nosey Ike, the bar-keep, to give him a glass of milk. Nosey was plumb near knocked out, but he pulled hisself together and told the tenderfoot there wasn't a cow nearer than the Cherokee nation."

"Ginger ale, then," says the tenderfoot, "and a long drink at that." He got it, but jest then Buck Bradley, who could lick anybody in any camp for a hundred miles round, broke in. Buck was with we-all, but he steps up to the front and goes to the bar about ten foot away from the tenderfoot. Buck had been to call on Nosey Ike about 30 times since his first eye-opener, and he was ready for fun."

"He says to the tenderfoot: 'We ain't got no cows in this camp, and we don't want no milk-drinking calves. Straight lickin' is good enough for we-all out yere, and, stranger, slops don't go, so take some red eye or dance.' And Buck pulled his gun. 'Yes, them things was done in them days, but they's gone out now, 'cause the tenderfoots hold over us. We-all looked for a scared tenderfoot when Buck pulled his gun. We was sure surprised when the dood says, calm like, looking at Buck in the eye, 'I drinks what I please.'"

"Buck was knocked out for a minit wuss than if whiskey had done it, but he pulled hisself together and says: 'Then dance,' and he begun shootin' into the floor about the tenderfoot's feet. Well, the tenderfoot danced. He had no gun or I'll bet from the look in his eye he'd-a-given it back to Buck. Samson, the feller the preacher told the boys about, would a-danced, too. There ain't no foolin' when a man's got the drop and about 30 drinks of lickin' under his belt."

"When Buck emptied his gun he walked out, and the tenderfoot disappeared through another door. He put up that night in a bunk in the loft of the Bull Pup, and we-all didn't see him again till near noon the next day. Then we seen him walking across the stage road straight up to the door of Buck Bradley's cabin, and there was Buck standing in front of the door looking struck all of a heap like when he seen the tenderfoot comin' up."

"We-all was standin' over by Jimson's corral, and we could see all that was a goin' on. The tenderfoot walks up to Buck an' puts his hand on his shoulder and then points to an open place in front of the corral. Buck didn't have no shootin' irons on that mornin'. In another minit we seen Buck and the tenderfoot comin' toward us, Buck lookin' kinder dazed like, as though he hadn't jest heard things right."

"Boys," says Buck, when he gets near us, 'this milk guzzling babe wants to fight me. He says I'm a coward if I don't scrap. He says likewise that I don't know me, and I wants you to show this yere tenderfoot the error of his ways, and tell him as how you know I've licked the best men of Hoot Owl camp, Blue Dog Gulch and all the other camps hereabouts. I ain't got no wish to do this yere infant harm.'"

"Buck Bradley was sure enough a good man. There wasn't no yaller in him. He'd licked everybody he'd ever went up against, and he was true pitiful for the tenderfoot. The tenderfoot, though, he up and speaks and says: 'Gentlemen, this man takes an ondu: advantage of me yesterday, and I'm goin' to fight him here, and I wants you-all to see fair play.'"

"Well, you see we-all was willin' to see a fight, though we was sorry for the kid. They went at it, and do you-all know, that tenderfoot had Buck Bradley licked inside of 15 minutes. We-all found out after-ward that down east he'd been a boxer and a footballer and all that sort of thing in college before he went to the mining school. Buck made an awful fight, but he jest couldn't do nothin', and 'cause we-all had to see fair play we had to stand by and see a milk drinking tenderfoot lick the best man in Yaller Dust camp."

"When that fight was over Buck crawled home. We-all expected to see him show up with his gun, but he didn't. You-all may think I've for-

gotten to tell you why this gulch is called Tenderfoot Canyon. I'm jest comin' to it.

"You see, Buck Bradley had a little girl jest eight years old and named Jennie. Buck was spliced when he was only 19, and his wife cashed in when Jennie was born. Buck thought more of Jennie a heap than he did of himself, and all the gold in the Rockies. Jennie run kind a wild like. She was always goin' into queer places after flowers and the like. The day after Buck's fight with the tenderfoot Jennie started out to get some mountain sandwort for the school-teacher that we-all had just imported. It's a pretty flower, the sandwort, and it snuggles close to the rocks, and it don't mind the snow and the ice a little bit."

"Jennie went up the mountain along the edge of the canyon. She got up 300 feet, and I tell you-all that it was a sheer straight down, with hardly a break to the bottom. The little one seen some sandwort growin' in a hole jest over the edge, and she leaned over to pick some, an' she leaned too far an' fell. There was a three-foot ledge with some bushes on it 40 feet below. Jennie landed in the bushes and she wasn't hurt. There was more than 250 feet below her and nary a break, and the face of the cliff above was smoother than Nosey Ike's pool table. Jennie had good nerve. She wasn't hurt a little bit. She jest lay there for a few minits and kept on thinkin'. She knowed she mustn't move or she'd tumble. Then she lets out a little yell, and then another, and another, louder and louder. Then she looks straight up and she sees a face peerin' over the cliff and the eyes lookin' down on her. It's the tenderfoot. He was out prospectin' and he heard Jennie yip."

"Keep still, little un,' he says, 'an' I'll save you.' And so he takes his lariat and ties one end around a



WENT DOWN—HAND OVER HAND.

stunted pine and down he goes hand over hand an' gets a footin' on the ledge."

"Now Buck Bradley had got scared when he heard Jennie had gone up the mountain by the canyon and he gets me and Bill Peters to go along with him to hunt for her. We all gets to the place where Jennie tumbled jest after the tenderfoot had gone over the cliff on the lariat. We see the lariat tied to the stump and pokes our heads over and looks down and then we knows what's doin'. Buck Bradley goes pale even to his nose, which is saying much. We ain't got no ropes nor nothin' with us and we howl down to the tenderfoot to wait till one of us goes back to camp and brings up some stuff, for the lariat he has over the cliff we see won't stand much strain."

"We can't wait," yells up the tenderfoot, 'the ledge is a-shakin' and it may go any minit. I'll bring her up safe,' he says, 'don't you fear.' "Then he takes Jennie on his back and she's good stuff and clings fast about his neck and says: 'I ain't scared.' Then that fellow comes up the lariat hand over hand with the little one on his back. I never seen no one else do such a thing. We knows now why it was he could lick Buck, he's that strong. He gets up to the edge foot by foot. Buck leans over and grabs the girl and swings her clear up to the rock by his side. Jest as he grabbed her the lariat broke where it had scraped the sharp edge of the rock and the tenderfoot went down to death 300 foot below."

"Now if you-all will look through your spy glasses up there where the trees is you'll see somethin' white. It's a tombstone over a grave and any human coyote who meddles with that stone or grave won't be given prayin' time if Buck Bradley hears of it."

"You can read what it says on the stone from here. Buck got a book shark to write it before it was cut in the stone. I ain't strong on spellin', but give me a piece of paper and a pencil an' I'll write it for you."

Hear lies THOMAS WRIGHT, TENDERFOOT. A better man than Buck Bradley with centiment Buck sines with hart and and BUCK BRADLEY.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Deeds are indelible.—Ram's Horn.

## Full Particulars.

"Do you want me to find out just what he said, verbatim?" asked the detective, about to depart on a difficult mission.

"Yes, sir," said the chief inspector, with dignity. "I want his statement, verbatim, ad litteram, et asphaltum."—Chicago Tribune.

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## PERT AND PERSONAL.

Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts college, has just celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday. For over 28 years he has been a professor at Tufts. He was born in the same house in which Benedict Arnold was born.

Peter De Villa, the discoverer of gold in the Klondike region, and once fabulously rich, is now earning a livelihood by mailing boxes at the Ben Lemont winery at Santa Cruz, Cal. He has a suit pending for the recovery of one of the richest mines in the Nome region, but has no means with which to prosecute it, and the case is likely to go against him by default.

Benjamin Owen, a one-legged man, is a valued member of a football team in Syracuse, N. Y., playing guard. In a recent contest on the gridiron he proved himself a power in every attack, holding his opponent easily. When the ball was taken by his team down the field he went leaping along, keeping up with the fleetest. When the other side got the ball he was right in the center of the scrimmage. His side finally won the game by a score of 10 to 0.

The first outright single-tax government ever chosen in America has just been elected in Rhode Island on the democratic ticket in the person of Dr. L. F. C. Garvin, a veteran in the Henry George ranks. He has been prominently identified with the single-tax agitation almost from its very inception. Dr. Garvin has been a member of the legislature for four years. He is an old-time physician and lives in a picturesque colonial mansion just outside of Providence.

S. V. ("Deacon") White, the veteran of Wall street, who has just sold his seat on the New York Stock Exchange, says that when he began trading there over thirty years ago the transactions of a day seldom reached 200,000 shares, as against an average of 2,000,000 now. "Mr. White," said one of his old friends a day or two ago, "you have accomplished many big things on the street, but your greatest achievement has been that in spite of your many vicissitudes you have always paid your debts."

## AN IDEAL STEPMOTHER.

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